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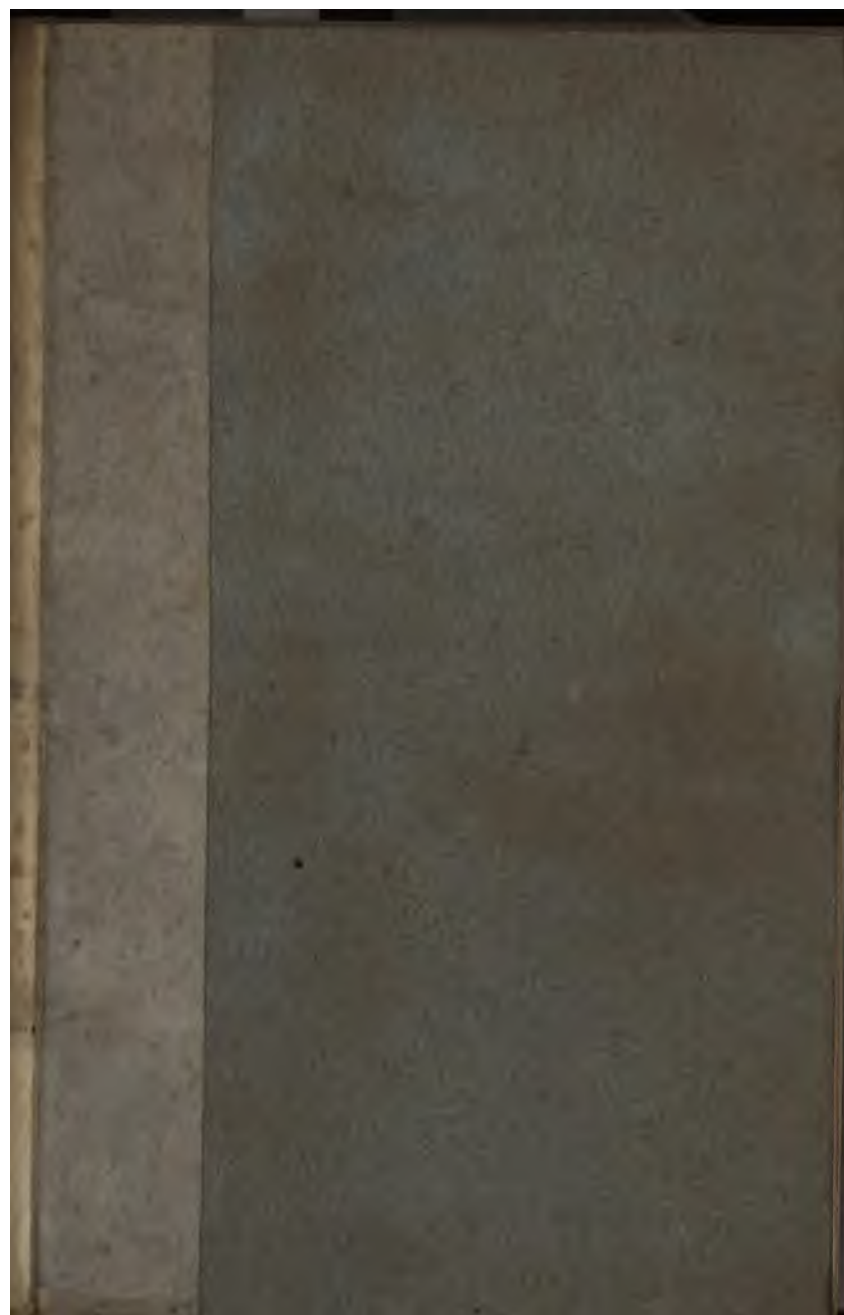
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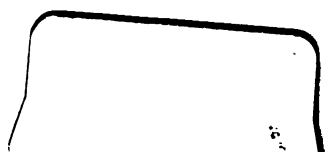
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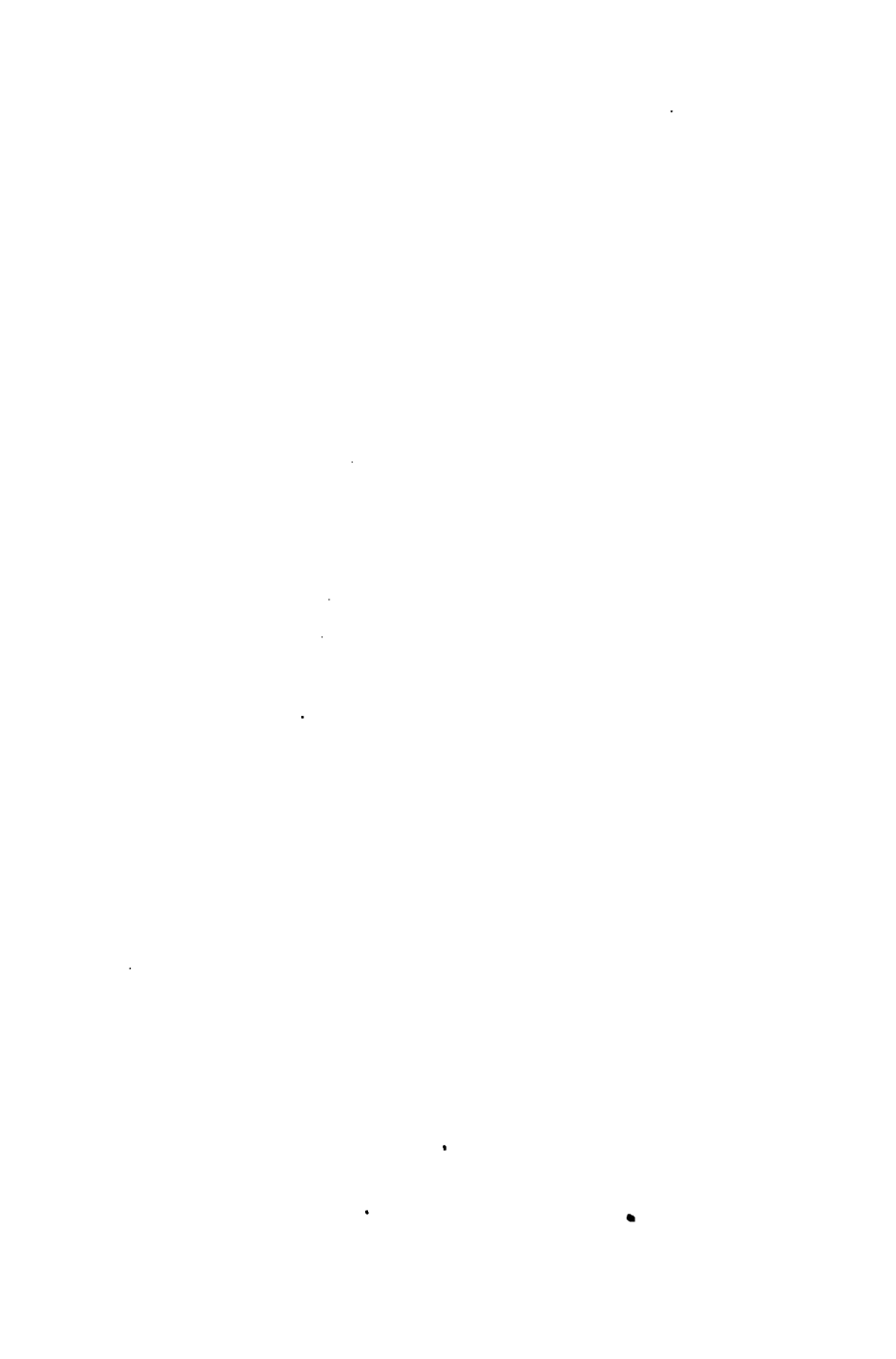
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# V E L I N A:

A

## POETICAL FRAGMENT.

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SÆPE MANUS DEMENS, STUDIIS IRATA MALIGNIS,  
MISIT IN ARSUROS CARMINA NOSTRA FOCOS,  
ATQUE EA DE MULTIS, QUONIAM NON MULTA SUPERSUNT,  
CUM VENIA FACITO, QUISQUIS ES, ISTA LEGAS.

OFID.

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EDINBURGH:

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## P R E F A C E.

THE POEM here offered to the world appears in the form of a FRAGMENT ; and that circumstance is not affected. It was in fact originally no more than an Episode in a work proportionably large, projected in very early youth, and carried to a considerable length. The Author's attention being turned to studies of a different complection, his design fell a sacrifice to Prudence. Something inclined him to save the stanzas that remain. How far he was in the right will now be soon determined. Verses which come forth thus nameless and unprotected, must stand or fall by their own powers. They are exposed to the severest and the justest trial. The Reader, influenced only by his taste and sensibility, will, according to his own feelings, pronounce their doom.



---

## S O N N E T.

**D**EEP shelter'd in thy native forest green,  
Where o'er thy lovely head each peaceful day  
And silent night glide undisturb'd away,  
And ev'ry shepherd hails thee rural queen,  
Think'st thou, my Laura, of that youth unseen,  
Who now, illum'd by Fancy's sacred ray,  
To thy bright airy form presents his lay,  
Sinking the space that absence thrusts between?  
Constant as fair, I know thee, charming maid.  
Take then these strains : and, O ! where'er reclin'd,  
By daisied fountain, or by quiv'ring shade,  
Read them as sports to cheat the hours design'd ;  
Till to thy faithful arms again convey'd,  
I share each rapture pure and joy refin'd.

---

# V E L I N A.

---

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**TILL journeying on, at length he reach'd a dell  
High-crown'd with darksome woods on ev'ry side:  
A glitt'ring stream down from the summit fell ;  
Thence, oft meand'ring o'er the valley wide,  
Through many a grove slow roll'd its lucid tide ;  
And many a flow'ret deck'd the verdant ground,  
And many a rock appear'd in shaggy pride,  
With bushes thick or climbing ivy bound ;  
And oft a sound of wo he heard the cliffs resound.

## II.

The monarch stopt, and now distinctly hears  
These dismal accents load the floating gale :—  
Ye guardian spirits ! can your tender ears,  
Unpitying, hear me rave my woful tale ?  
No ; for I hear your airy harps bewail  
In softest melancholy melody.  
Heav'ns ! heav'ns ! what piercing pangs my heart assail !  
To you alone for succour I can fly ;  
Man is my treach'rous foe, his comfort I deny.

## III.

My soul is darker than your deepest gloom,  
Ye aged woods, so wild, so dim, so grey.  
Beneath this mould'ring rock shall be my tomb ;  
And here may feet of mortals never stray,  
Till all my bones to dust shall wear away !  
Strike, friendly Death, to end my wo and care !  
Quick let me mount, and spurn the sordid clay !  
Quick as immortals fly, to meet my fair,  
Whose hov'ring shade awaits in yon bright fields  
of air !

## IV.

## A F R A G M E N T.

### IV.

Advancing, soon the king, amaz'd, espied,  
Beneath the rock from whence this strain did flow,  
A youth reclin'd fast by a fountain's side,  
That, murm'ring, suited well the plaints of wo ;  
But sure his blooming aspect did not so :  
No streams of sorrow had his cheek defil'd,  
No cares, in haggard wrinkles, furl'd his brow ;  
But in his face Health and Contentment smil'd,  
While to salute the king he rose with motion mild.

### V.

What can this diff'rence mean, the monarch said,  
Between thy cheerful looks and dire lament,  
In which you seem'd to mock all ease or aid,  
As if thy heart with sorrow had been rent ?  
To cheer the soul with weight of mis'ries bent,  
And raise the wo-worn wight to peace and joy,  
Gives to the heart the solidest content ;  
And if my aid can aught thy grief destroy,  
Thy piteous tale unfold, and my best aid employ.

VI.

O gen'rous traveller ! the youth reply'd,  
 May endless blessings flow upon thy head !  
 By sharp affliction may'st thou ne'er be try'd,  
 Or may the trial pass with quickest speed !  
 Thanks to kind Heav'n supreme ! no aid I need.  
 In music, mirth, and love, I pass each day ;  
 No lawless force nor coward foe I dread :  
 Fortune, still smiling on, serene and gay,  
 Bright as the sun's warm beams on yon high moun-  
 tain play.

VII.

But sure, if right I deem, the finest joy  
 From quick vicissitude results alone.  
 Continu'd rapture cannot fail to cloy,  
 And dull satiety must soon come on.  
 Seest thou these nodding trees, this mossy stone,  
 This dimpling streamlet that so softly flows,  
 This rock with wand'ring ivy all o'ergrown ?  
 From these my melancholy strain arose ;  
 The solemn scene inspir'd imaginary woes.

VIII.

## VIII.

The sense of pleasure is by these refin'd,  
And bears sensations purer to the heart :  
But if to hear my tale thou be'st inclin'd,  
A thousand sad events I could impart,  
Where nature sole, without the help of art,  
Has from mine eyes drawn forth the bitter tear ;  
For I have felt of real woes the smart,  
And languish'd many an hour in grief sincere,  
When torn from all I lov'd, from all I valu'd dear.

## IX.

Come rest thee on the turf.—Beneath yon hill,  
Bosom'd in trees, thou seest a pointed spire :  
It crowns a mansion fenc'd with utmost skill  
Against an open foe, or lurking ire ;  
Which was the habitation of my fire.  
There, after vict'ries gain'd, or battles lost,  
To breathe in safety oft he would retire.  
His name was famous over all the coast ;  
'Twas ARVAN, and the same which I unworthy  
boast.

## X.

Unlike to him, alas ! though like in name.  
By sad adventures dire, and desp'rate deed,  
Battles, and dang'rous spoils, he fought for fame ;  
To arts and charms of peace he gave no heed.  
In uselefs fights oft have I seen him bleed,  
And long long miles scour o'er the winter's snow ;  
At night on some cold stone recline his head,  
Regardless of the warring winds that blow,  
And sleep mid shouts and screams and groans of  
dying wo.

## XI.

Such hazards were his sport. He smil'd at fear.  
Fatal effects of stubbornness and pride,  
And source of ravage inhumane and drear ;  
When ruthless broils the dearest friends divide,  
And no man in his brother can confide ;  
But dire revenge prevails in ev'ry breast,  
And discord vile extends her empire wide :  
The great are tost with cares, with doubts distressed,  
And, trembling, the poor swain each night betakes  
to rest.

## XII.

## XII.

Have we not often seen some lofty hall  
Reel from its base, and feed the curling flame ;  
All smear'd with dust and gore, the painted wall  
And silken bow'r, that shelter'd many a dame ;  
While their old fire, perhaps renown'd by fame,  
Lay breathless, butcher'd by some villain's hand ?  
O may such deeds for aye be mark'd with shame !  
Our jarring chiefs all joining in friendly band,  
And peace and social joy unite to bless the land !

## XIII.

Amid yon wood it was I first drew air ;  
And in yon wood my childish days I past,  
As other children do, unvex'd by care.  
No gloom my trifling pleasures then o'ercast,  
But ev'ry day was merry as the last.  
Days, months, and years, away unheeded flew,  
And vig'rous youth succeeded in like haste.  
Then first my heart a strong emotion knew ;  
From love, that governs all, the pleasing anguish  
grew.



## XIV.

Yon castle on the mountain's beetling brow  
Was held by FERQUHARD, a revengeful chief,  
For many a year my fire's relentless foe :  
He oft had struck his heart with bitter grief,  
Plunder'd his vassals like a coward thief,  
And thrice at midnight wrapt his hall in flame,  
'Twas vain to vow revenge, and beg relief;  
*Ferquhard* was dreaded whereso'er he came :  
The neighbouring chiefs oft curst, yet trembl'd at,  
his name.

## XV.

He in his tut'rage held an orphan fair,  
The pride and wonder of our gazing swains.  
Oft have I heard them praise her gentle air,  
And carrol to her name in artless strains.  
Her fire was lord of all the fertile plains  
That lie behind yon mountain. Snatch'd by death,  
To *Ferquhard*, with a father's anxious pains,  
He did in charge his daughter dear bequeath,  
And in a father's blessing utter'd his last breath.

## XVI.

## XVI.

Can I? ah no! I never can forget  
The mixt emotions of that happy hour,  
When first mine eyes this lovely charmer met,  
When first I felt all-conqu'ring Beauty's pow'r.  
'Twas summer clear, and in a shady bow'r,  
I careless loll'd the sultry hours away,  
Fast by a cave where tinkling riv'lets pour;  
Silent my fav'rite flute beside me lay,  
On which, at intervals, I would some wild notes play.

## XVII.

'Twas thus I lay, when from the willow grove,  
Slow stepping, wrapt in reverie profound,  
Advanc'd the fair VELINA. Grace and love  
Shew'd in her air; her auburn tresses, bound  
With artless flow'rs, in ringlets wanton'd round,  
And to the zephyr flow'd her sky-blue train.  
But when her eyes she lifted from the ground,  
Her looks—oh for some heav'n-born poet's strain!  
Her looks—fool that I am! description here is  
vain.

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

If e'er thy heart has felt love's subtle flame,  
Thou may'st imagine, for I cannot tell,  
How o'er my soul the mingled rapture came  
Of sweet sensation, which I could not quell:  
How through my trembling veins a pow'rful swell  
Of life rush'd forth, and bore me quite away.  
Down on my knees before the nymph I fell;  
Ask'd in what star of heav'n her mansion lay,  
That in fit terms I might my adoration pay.

## XIX.

Rise, simple youth, the blushing virgin said,  
No goddess I of planet or of star;  
A weak, poor, friendless, persecuted maid,  
Whose hateful prison lies not distant far:  
Where chiefs, whose sole delight is barb'rous war,  
With dissonance have tortur'd oft mine ear,  
Bray'd from the clashing shield and rattling car:  
But sounds before I never heard so clear,  
So soft, as those which drew me wand'ring heedless  
here.

## XX.

## XX.

But let not me, with sorrow-clouded brow,  
And sad complaints, suspend thy minstrelsy.  
Lo to the woods, from whence I came but now,  
To my sweet lonely walks, again I fly.  
There, while on some untrodden bank I lie,  
And, weeping, view the trees, the streams, and skies,  
If I might hear thy warbling melody,  
Some soothing charm within my breast will rise;  
My tears shall sweetly flow, and soft be heav'd my sighs.

## XXI.

O stay! fair creature, stay! I frantic cried,  
And, trembling, seiz'd her hand; one moment stay,  
Or else this pipe shall never more be tried  
By me, but in sad silence rest for aye;  
And fatal to my peace shall be this day,  
If thus in haste you cruelly depart.  
Give me but space to make some faint essay,  
Though vain, I fear, the feelings to impart,  
Which this important hour has rais'd within my  
heart.

XXX.

## XXII.

Oft have I gaz'd upon the rising fun,  
Survey'd the noon-tide vault of æther blue ;  
And when the glorious orb his course had run  
Down to the west, where scenery ever new  
Floats on, I have perus'd with careful view  
The clouds, and fancied beauties in the air :  
Oft have I wander'd through the nightly dew,  
While slow the moon rode in her cloudy chair,  
And all the eyes of heav'n look'd out with sparkling  
glare.

## XXIII.

Oft, too, the pow'r that sounds harmonic have,  
My raptur'd soul has felt in pure delight :  
But neither Titan rising from the wave,  
Nor the full splendour of his noon-day height,  
Nor all the streaming clouds of various light  
That round his ev'ning car in myriads throng,  
Nor music's charms, nor the sweet scenes of night,  
E'er to my heart emotions sent so strong,  
As thy enchanting looks, as thy soft plaintive tongue.

## XXIV.

## XXIV.

I understand that blush : trembling I speak ;  
Ardent to please, and fearful to offend.  
Oh ! could my pow'r thy cruel bondage break,  
This day, VELINA, all thy woes should end.  
Oh ! could'st thou think my fortunes to attend,  
How gladly would I bear thee to my fire !  
He to thy youth shall be a faithful friend,  
And in his hall thou peaceful may'st retire,  
While I shall only live to please thy least desire.

## XXV.

Fond youth, she said ; vainly thou talk'st of peace ;  
Vain are thy sighs, and vain thy gen'rous aid,  
In the cold grave alone my wo shall cease ;  
And there may soon my weary limbs be laid !  
Peace from my very cradle swiftly fled ;  
And ev'ry tedious hour I since have told,  
Has only heap'd new sorrows on my head.  
Eternal Pow'r ! in whom firm trust I hold,  
Thou can'st at last in bliss those seeming ills unfold.

## XXVI.

Bright'ning at this her look, with aspect mild,  
 While my heart rent, and eyes like fountains flow'd,  
 She spoke of ruthless deeds, and furies wild ;  
 Of dark affliction's paths which she had trode ;  
 Of many an insult cruelly bestow'd  
 By brutal insolence and savage pride ;  
 And how at length, to crown the barb'rous load,  
*Ferquhard* had sworn to make her soon the bride  
 Of GAUL, an aged chief, who liv'd on *Carron* side.

## XXVII.

To see that day, I trust I shall not live,  
 She said ; yet will I never, in despair,  
 Practise upon my life : Heav'n can relieve  
 When least we think ; and Heav'n's peculiar care  
 The friendless, wretched, and forsaken are.  
 Farewel. I've been at unawares inclin'd  
 To give thy heart of woes a needless share ;  
 Thou art the second of the human kind  
 That e'er spoke words of comfort to my troubled  
 mind.

## XXVIII.

## XXVIII.

Befide the mountain, in yon woody den,  
In cavern deep, with rill that warbles near,  
Old Hermit CATHMOR lives, the best of men ;  
Who oft has strove my heavy heart to cheer,  
But oft'ner dropt the sympathetic tear,  
Like thee, at the sad tales which I would tell.  
His ghostly words and heav'nly lore to hear,  
By *Ferquhard's* leave, I visit oft the cell ;  
'Tis in yon woody den. Sweet youth, again fare-  
well.

## XXIX.

Thou may'st believe the moments tedious past,  
Till up this lonesome den I quickly hied ;  
Where in a nook, shelter'd from ev'ry blast  
That sweeps the face of Heav'n, the cave I spied ;  
And the old man himself reclin'd beside,  
Twining a wreath of water-lilies rare  
That grew luxuriant in the riv'let's tide.  
And this, said he, shall deck VELINA's hair,  
When next to my poor cell the mourner shall repair.



## XXX.

White were his head and beard as mountain-snow ;  
His face, tho' strongly mark'd with time's decays,  
Yet still preserv'd of health a feeble glow,  
That spoke the vigour of his better days.  
He knew not, or despis'd, th' affected ways  
Of haughty lordlings, and their cringing train ;  
But, smiling, rose, after a moment's gaze,  
To bid me welcome to his poor domain ;  
And set me by his side, my errand to explain.

## XXXI.

Amaz'd he seem'd, rapt in some wond'rous thought,  
While o'er the story of my love I ran.  
He knew, by sad experience dearly bought,  
The fatal pow'r of love ; how oft it can  
Weaken strong youth, and turn to deadly wan  
The blooming rose of beauty with its smart ;  
Break wisest schemes, and overthrow the plan  
Of sober thought ; and, seated in the heart,  
How absolute it rules, and mocks at feeble art.

## XXXII

## XXXII.

Of all these ills, and many more, he spoke,  
With charitable purpose, to restrain  
My youthful ardour, yet by griefs unbroke,  
And little us'd to feel the needful rein.  
But when he saw his counsels all were vain,  
And o'er my passion nothing could prevail,  
With sudden tears his eyes began to rain ;  
He strain'd me in his arms; his face grew pale,  
And flush'd with red, by turns, while thus he told  
his tale.

## XXXIII.

For crimes, which but to name would freeze thy  
In early youth I bade the world farewell. [blood,  
In vain by riches and ambition woo'd ;  
For these can bring no joy, I knew too well,  
If grief and anguish in the bosom dwell.  
Heart-struck I fled, nor cast one look behind,  
And fifty years I've lodg'd in this dark cell.  
A ray of hope at length illumines my mind ;  
I have been penitent, and heav'n, we know, is kind.

XXXIV.

## XXXIV.

Beware of vice, my son ; her bite is deep,  
 'Tis cruel deep, and black her venom'd stain ;  
 When fifty years in solitude to weep  
 Scarce brings the wounded heart to peace again.  
 Few are the days that now to me remain ;  
 Few are the gen'rous deeds I e'er have done ;  
 It shall be one to ease thy present pain,  
 And VELI to thy passion shall be won ;  
 For this I can command. Her father was my son.

## XXXV.

Yet is this gen'rous ?—No ! 'tis only just.  
 Kneel not to me, dear youth—bless thee—arise—  
 Thy noble grandfire, who now sleeps in dust,  
 Beneath that oak, unknown to all, he lies :  
 'Twas this accursed hand which clos'd his eyes,  
 When it had slain him in this gloomy dell.  
 'Tis a long tale.—Deceiv'd by specious lies,  
 We fought : his fate was happier ; for he fell,  
 While I remain'd on earth to feel the pains of  
 hell.

## XXXVI.

## XXXVI.

What weary days his grave my knees have wore !  
What dreadful nights I've parlied with his ghost !  
He has forgiv'n me ; for he comes no more,  
Frowning, on clouds with whirling flames emboss'd,  
To fright my soul in midnight dreams when tofs'd.  
Now, that I vow to make VELINA thine,  
'Tis my last off'ring of the greatest cost  
To please his shade : Your hands I soon will join ;  
And then, at Heav'n's command, in peace my  
breath resign.

## XXXVII.

Thou hast, my son, survey'd her beauteous form ;  
'Tis lovely, and it holds a lovely mind ;  
Serene, unruffled by the boistrous storm  
Of headstrong passions ; warm, yet soft and kind,  
And in the female graces how refin'd !  
Of me she nothing knows, save that I'm old,  
Weak, poor, and helpless, but withal resign'd ;  
Yet scorns she not with me discourse to hold,  
And ev'n her inmost thoughts to me she will unfold.

XXXVIII.

## XXXVIII.

This confidence hath cost me many a tear,  
To think of all the insults she hath borne.  
Dear child ! my sins are visited, I fear,  
Upon thy head. Oh Heav'n, let me be torn  
By fiercest pangs, or by long anguish worn ;  
But this poor innocent, oh spare and bless !  
And when I die, as I have liv'd, forlorn,  
Let all my VELI's wishes meet success ;  
No guile her youth deceive, no grief her age distress !

## XXXIX.

O ARVAN, leave me now ! Yet ere you go,  
Hear this, and mark it well :—If thou would'st gain  
True peace of mind, secure from real wo,  
With vig'rous steps still follow Virtue's train.  
No joys can with th' inconstant long remain ;  
Madly they're snatch'd, and madly dash'd away :  
Virtue alone can happiness maintain ;  
And from her paths if thou shalt never stray,  
The sweets of earth are thine, thine is th' eternal  
day.

## XL.

## XL.

I left him then ; but soon and oft return'd,  
Still when the meads were wet with morning dew,  
Or dews of night, with heart that constant burn'd  
With raptures ever pure and ever new,  
To meet VELINA at the cave I flew,  
And breath'd my tender passion at her feet.  
She nought of wiles or artful shyness knew,  
To urge the lover on with feign'd retreat ;  
Her smiles were smiles of love, her blushes chaste  
and sweet.

## XLI.

Think of the raptures Beauty can inspire,  
In sympathy and soft compliance drest ;  
Think of fair Virtue's charms, and Friendship's fire,  
Heighten'd by Fancy warm, and Love confest ;  
Then think what transports throbb'd within my breast,  
When first she vow'd to be for ever mine,  
And *Cathmor's* voice the sacred union blest.  
Nought then I could conceive which might refine  
My joys, so full, so pure, so peaceful, so divine.

## XLII.

What lulling scenes were those ! To roam the mead,  
All ting'd with gold beneath the morning ray,  
O'er the sweet banks, o'er the mild lawns to tread,  
With VELI, sweeter, milder far than they,  
Or when still ev'ning came, with mantle grey,  
And in the east arose the fires of night,  
With her thro' dusky dells and groves to stray ;  
To mark her eyes, their soft, their trembling light,  
Pure as the maiden stars, as friendly and as bright.

## XLIII.

But from those lulling scenes, at Honour's call,  
To ranks of death I soon was forc'd to fly.  
Rebellion was abroad ; and over all  
Display'd his banners insolent on high.  
The factious lords, join'd with a num'rous fry  
Of meaner villains, vaunted in the field.  
Down with the tyrant ! was their haughty cry ;  
Strike him, or quick his sceptre let him yield,  
Which, giv'n by Freedom's hand, his gallant son  
shall wield !

## XLIV.

## XLIV.

To guard his prince from treasonable harms,  
My fire was never laſt. Without delay  
He call'd his faithful followers to arms,  
And to the royal camp purſu'd his way.  
There uſeleſs ſchemes were practis'd many a day,  
And uſeleſs treaties with the rebels made ;  
Till, when their numbers ſeem'd to melt away,  
We took the field, by ſudden caprice ſway'd,  
And on one doubtful fight the fate of all was laid.

## XLV.

'Twas near that ſpot, where, to the lateſt age,  
The ſons of SCOTIA ſhall with rapture tread ;  
Where EDWARD, madden'd by ambitious rage,  
Againſt great BRUCE his hoſt enormous led.  
How vain th' attempt ! His troops by thouſands bled  
Beneath the arms of men who fought for fame,  
For life, for liberty ; and had no dread  
But dread of ſlav'ry. Fierce as flood or flame  
They fought, and deadly rout ſtill follow'd where  
they came.



## XLVI.

Immortal BRUCE ! methinks I see him wave  
His bloody sword, and call out Victory !  
Lo, thund'ring o'er the field, his Barons brave ;  
I hear them shout ; I see the squadrons fly ;  
I see, deep-gash'd and bound, Ambition lie,  
And Freedom hov'ring round the glorious plain :  
I see the setting sun smile o'er the sky,  
The meadows hid beneath the countless slain,  
And *Forth's* impurpled waves slow-rolling to the  
main !

## XLVII.

Far diff'rent was our fate. Scarce had we join'd  
Our battle, all confus'd and void of thought,  
When sudden, from the neighb'ring woods behind,  
Their skulking bands in shoals the Rebels brought.  
Then fled our Chiefs, as if they car'd for nought  
But how to bear their dastard lives away.  
Long by my valiant father's side I fought,  
Striving in vain the flying troops to stay,  
And hoping still to turn the fortune of the day.

## XLVIII.

## XLVIII.

Terror and total ruin soon ensued.  
Th' insulting foe came on with shouts of scorn :  
And while my fire, enrag'd, the tumult view'd,  
He from my fight was in a moment torn,  
And by the headlong flight far distant borne.  
My horse was slain, myself with toil grown faint ;  
Yet homeward straight I saw I must return :  
So from the field, with weary steps, I went,  
And o'er the silent hills alone my journey bent.

## XLIX.

Night fell ; the bleak winds blew ; the low'ring sky,  
With blasts, seem'd to bewEEP that fatal day.  
At times was heard the wand'ring sea-fowl's cry ;  
And, as sublime he held his airy way,  
The eagle scream'd, impatient for his prey.  
Broad sheets of flame flew o'er th' ethereal plain ;  
And, shot from clouds, the meteors thick display,  
Athwart the troublous gloom, their fiery train,  
Driv'n on by angry ghosts of heroes newly slain.

L.

## L.

Along *Orella's* streams I pensive stole,  
That now through verdant glens soft-murm'ring go,  
Now with eternal thunders fiercely roll  
Among the rocks engulf'd ; then spouting throw,  
With plunge tremendous, in the chasm below.  
Among the cliffs, where tangled bushes frown,  
The shepherd hears wild sob and shrieks of wo ;  
And thousand hollow echoes yelling moan,  
At ev'ry driving blast that through the dell is blown.

## LI.

O'er many a rugged mound I wander'd long ;  
And thro' black dens o'erhung with tow'ring rocks,  
Where waves the founding ash the clouds among,  
Roars in the tempest, and its fury mocks ;  
Thro' nameless vales, where feed the fleecy flocks,  
And sleep in shelter of the mountain's side :  
At length, half-shaded by a grove of oaks,  
A little cottage thro' the gloom I spied ;  
There I resolv'd to lodge, whatever might betide.

## LII.

It was a careless, gentle, sweet retreat,  
 Such as in *Caledon* are many more ;  
 Where vices vile, and crimes that stain the great,  
 Ne'er enter'd yet the shepherd's humble door,  
 But all is peace, like *Arcady* of yore.  
 What tho' their garb be coarse, and coarse their fare,  
 And long the winter's storms around them roar ?  
 Yet health, the soul of ev'ry joy, is there.  
 And hearts unstung by guilt, and heads unvext by  
 care.

## LIII.

There ent'ring, all besmear'd with blood, I found  
 A wretched man, who seem'd in death to groan.  
 At sight of me, he faintly turn'd him round ;  
 Away ! he said, *ARVAN*, away ! begone !  
 Thy dearest secrets to thy foes are known,  
 And here no friend of thine may safe remain.  
 Thy mistress in a dungeon dark is thrown :  
*Cathmor* is dead : thy father too is slain ;  
 By coward hands he fell, by *Ferquhard* and his train.

## LIV.

All those sad deeds I saw, and fought my best,  
To save thy father, and VELINA free.  
In vain. Now here I lay my bones to rest;  
For fast I feel my vital spirits flee.  
Oh! had the vengeful Heav'n's but suffer'd me  
To drench my falchion in the villain's heart,  
I now should smile at death! Farewel: I see  
Thy father's ghost; he waves thee to depart.  
Heav'n shield thee from thy foe, and blast his  
treach'rous art!

## LV.

He groan'd, and died. I thought at first to stay,  
And give his bones a charitable grave;  
But Love, with fearful voice, forbade delay,  
And urg'd me on, VELINA's life to save,  
Or follow to the dust my father brave.  
Some tears I dropt upon the dead man's face,  
And pray'd his soul eternal rest might have;  
Then homeward turn'd once more my eager pace,  
*Devouring* up in thought the intervening space.

## LVI.

## LVI.

My native fields I reach'd, soon as the day  
With crimson glow began to streak the sky.  
Beside yon western hill my journey lay,  
Where the dark stream glides soft and silent by,  
And grey old willows join their arms on high,  
To shade, with lofty arch, the sleeping tide.  
Here as I mus'd, arose a sudden cry ;  
And soon a band of warriors I descried,  
With spears, come scouring swift adown the green  
hill's side.

## LVII.

Fierce as the eagle darts from the mid sky  
Upon her heedless prey, on me they flew.  
I saw 'twas vain to fight, and scorn'd to fly ;  
Yet, prompted by despair, my sword I drew :  
When heaps on heaps themselves on me they threw,  
And fetter'd fast mine arms with shameful chain ;  
Then bore me off, so swift, I hardly knew  
Their course, till *Ferquhard's* fatal tow'rs they gain,  
And the proud chief himself appears with all his train.

## LVIII.

Welcome, O much lov'd youth, he grinning said;  
Thy loves and battles now must have an end.  
My vengeance is complete, my toil o'erpaid;  
Care, doubt, and anguish, to the winds I send.  
Now hark, and, trembling, to thy doom attend:  
I could this very moment hurl thee down,  
To starve at leisure, in my dungeon penn'd,  
Where bones of chiefs, like thee, lie thick bestrown,  
And ghosts at midnight yell, and glaring demons  
frown.

## LIX.

But that were merciful. No! thou shalt lie  
Shut in this hall, and wear the rattling chain,  
Till rais'd to health, and breathing vengeance high,  
The warlike *Gaul*, my friend, return again;  
Whom faint, and beaten down, and well-nigh slain,  
I scarce could rescue from thy father's sword;  
And now by *Carron's* bank he pines in pain:  
But think, when he to vigour is restor'd,  
What disappointed rage in tortures can afford.

## LX.

Then shall we sport, and mock thy bootless wo,  
When that false wanton, whom thou hast betray'd,  
(Here lies she safe, no more from hence to go),  
Shall, struggling, in the warrior's arms be laid,  
Screaming to Heav'n and thee in vain for aid.  
Then wilt thou rage, and be to madness driv'n;  
And while our feast of solemn joy is made,  
To grace the day, thy carcase shall be giv'n  
To feed the howling dogs and hungry fowls of heav'n.

## LXI.

I answer'd not; but, frantic, threw me down  
On the cold pavement, clanking to my chain.  
By horror overpow'r'd, and senseless grown,  
No tear I dropt; for yet I felt no pain:  
But soon as calmer thought return'd again,  
O Heav'n's! what pangs convulsive tore my heart!  
Rage, irresistible, there fixt his reign;  
Despair came next, deriding Reason's art;  
And Anguish in my breast deep hid his rankling  
dart.



## LXII.

VELINA! then thy mild idea came,  
Came in my airy visions of the night ;  
I saw thee smile ; I claspt thy beauteous frame,  
And on thy bosom languish'd in delight.  
I wak'd. And must that form, so pure and bright,  
By butch'ring villains be for ever stain'd?  
By hell-hounds paw'd, and loaded with despight?  
What fires can punish them? In sulphur chain'd,  
To howl ten thousand years, their pardon cheap were  
gain'd!

## LXIII.

One fatal morn, while thus I raving lay,  
Fierce *Ferquhard's* voice arose. I heard it roar  
Like thunder rolling in the clouds away,  
Or distant billows breaking on the shore.  
Nearer it came ; he rag'd, he storm'd, he swore ;  
My friend ! he cried, my gallant, dauntless friend,  
The partner of my battles, is no more.  
Bring forth this wretch ! his life is at an end ;  
Swift to the shades, O *Gaul*, he shall thy ghost attend!

## LXIV

## LXIV.

Ha! villains, is she dead?—'Tis well, she's dead,  
False, treach'rous wanton!—Come, bring on her  
Her youthful warrior; his devoted head, (brave,  
Not all her screams and dying groans shall save.  
Yet let his hours of death no trouble have :  
The cave is peaceful; he may freely moan,  
Or with the bats and owls hold conference grave.  
Quick from the dungeon's mouth remove the stone!  
Now thrust him down; 'tis well, 'tis resolutely done!

## LXV.

Farewell, great chief. There take thine endless rest,  
And bid farewell for ever to the day.  
Pine, starve, and die; or, if thou deem'st it best,  
Dash out thy foolish brains without delay.  
Thy lady's ghost will chide thy lazy stay;  
For, far amid the gloom of yonder wood,  
My slaves have hurl'd her o'er the cliff away:  
Lo, now she tumbles down the angry flood,  
And the white pointed rocks are marbled with her  
blood.

LXVI.

## LXVI.

If now I stood in arms upon the plain,  
Said I, or where the shocks of battle join,  
My sword should answer to thine insults vain;  
Now scoff secure, and boast thy black design:  
Such is the use of cowards. I resign  
My life to Heav'n, and soon shall find my rest;  
But thou for countless years in wo shalt pine,  
And still with time thy tortures feel increas'd,  
Thou need'st not whips nor flames, for hell is in  
thy breast.

## LXVII.

Down on the miserable rock I lay,  
'Mong horrid objects that appal the soul.  
Far from above there came a glimm'ring ray,  
That shew'd the entrails of this dismal hole;  
And deep below was heard a ceaseless dole,  
Made by the streams that sweep the mountain's base,  
And gurgle thro' the caverns as they roll:  
Here loathsome reptiles creep their darkling ways,  
And there a skeleton its haggard limbs displays.

## LXVIII.

## LXVIII.

Poor soul, said I, that once inform'd these bones,  
How many a day hast thou sat weeping here?  
How many a night hast thou consum'd in groans,  
Till death reliev'd thee from this prison drear?  
Alas! had'st thou, like me, a father dear  
In fight disastrous by a villain slain?  
Or from thine arms did ruthless butchers tear  
Thy lovely spouse? To thee will I complain;  
To these thy bare-worn bones impart my pining  
pain.

## LXIX.

Yet why? what means this unavailing grief,  
Now when I stand in sight of endless joy?  
My tears have flow'd; they brought me no relief;  
They break my confidence, my peace destroy.  
On life's dread verge my spirit to annoy,  
No deeds of horror lurk within my breast:  
Let thoughts sublime my moments now employ;  
Let me spring up to Heav'n, a welcome guest,  
Sport on the curling clouds, and be in Fancy blest.

## LXX.

Fancy, in ev'ry toil my faithful stay,  
Mild, soothing, placid pow'r, yet known to few!  
With thee, sweet nymph, I've wander'd many a day,  
And many an ev'ning rang'd among the dew,  
Revolving glorious scenes for ever new.  
With thee I've gaz'd upon the dawning morn,  
And ev'ry great and ev'ry pleasing view:  
From these though now I be for ever torn,  
Yet leave me not at last of thy soft aid forlorn.

## LXXI.

This night, O let me join thy airy throng;  
Whether you dance on hoar *Olympus* high,  
Or skim *Eurotas*' verdant banks along,  
Or, stretch'd on *Latmos*' summit, slumb'ring lie;  
Whether around the wheeling pole you fly,  
To view the mountains of eternal snow,  
Or flutter wanton thro' the *Indian* sky,  
Free as thy flights, O may my visions flow,  
And fancied bliss a while deceive my weary wo!

## LXXII.

## LXXII.

Flies my VELINA in thy wand'rings wild ?  
She who was wont to woo thee all alone ;  
She who was wont with looks, tho' sad, yet mild,  
In desert haunts by vulgar eyes unknown,  
To pour to thee her melancholy moan ;  
Sports she with thee thro' argent fields of air,  
Now from this world of tears and sorrow gone ?  
Or sits she on some cloud with anxious care,  
Till I shall quit the earth, and fly to meet her there ?

## LXXIII.

Now sooth'd, I wander'd thro' the tales of old,  
Adventures rueful, marvellous, and deep ;  
Of Fays that nightly dance upon the wold ;  
Of lovers doom'd to wander and to weep ;  
And castles high, where wicked wizards keep  
Their horrid spells. At length each roving thought  
Was laid, and down I sunk dissolv'd in sleep ;  
Yet Fancy still her airy fabrics wrought,  
And to my soul entranc'd this mystic vision brought.

## LXXIV.

I thought 'twas midnight dead ; yet the sweet moon  
Appear'd so bright, it almost seem'd the day :  
Each little star with double lustre shone,  
And the north star'd with lucid lightnings gay :  
While stretch'd upon a heathy bank I lay,  
That o'er a precipice abruptly hung.  
Around I saw the sailing streamlets play,  
And oft I thought the rock beneath me rung,  
As if some roaming spirit's heav'nly hymn had sung.

LXXV.

I look'd, and saw below a lovely vale,  
Fenc'd all around with hills and forests dun,  
Save where it open'd to the western gale,  
And the last glances of the setting sun.  
Full thro' the midst a river winding run,  
Oft hid in pendant shades of tufted green;  
And on its banks, in Gothic days begun,  
Deep-moated round a massy tow'r was seen,  
With halls for armed knights, and ladies bow'rs  
between.

LXXVI.

## LXXVI.

Still the frown [redacted]  
 [redacted]  
 And awful [redacted]  
 Now full and [redacted]  
 And aye [redacted]  
 Arose [redacted]  
 Of [redacted]  
 Such as [redacted]  
 Or ring [redacted].

## LXXVII.

Anon I saw the [redacted]  
 And forth [redacted]  
 Came down, in [redacted]  
 The [redacted]  
 The [redacted]  
 And at [redacted]  
 His aged [redacted]  
 Long was his beard, his visage hale and clear,  
 And thus his words [redacted] freely [redacted] the  
 ear.



## LXXVIII.

" [REDACTED]  
" [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

## LXXIX.

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

## LXXX.

O ye who tread with me these happy shades!  
 Ye blest frequenters of this echoing grove!  
 Harmonic friends, whose souls no care invades,  
 Secur'd by mutual peace and mutual love!  
 While melting sounds each tender feeling move,  
 And touch our hearts with sympathetic joy;  
 Here may we ever innocently rove,  
 Shelter'd from baneful passion's fierce annoy,  
 And no discordant jars our harmony destroy!

## LXXXI.

O Harmony, soft empress of my heart!  
 My sole support thro' life's long weary way;  
 Solac'd by thee, I mock misfortune's dart,  
 And all the cares that poor mortals prey:  
 For thou canst sweetly lead the soul to stray  
 From present ills, and range soft vales around;  
 Or, mounting, soar beyond the milky way,  
 Where solemn notes th' angelic trumpets sound,  
 And from Heav'n's vast concave the mingled strains  
 rebound.

LXXXII.

## LXXXII.

I heard no more ; for then a sudden noise  
 Awak'd, and brought me to my cave again.  
 Good Heav'ns, said I, 'tis my VELINA's voice !  
 Ah no ! 'tis but the folly of my brain  
 Presenting images absurd and vain.  
 But soon I might perceive a trembling gleam  
 Thro' crannies of the rock, distinct and plain.  
 Can these things be, said I, as now they seem ?  
 Or am I still involv'd in my fantastic dream ?

## LXXXIII.

My doubts were soon dispell'd ; for in the rock  
 A secret port was fixt, of iron strong,  
 Which with a crashing sound now open broke,  
 And rushing in appear'd a num'rous throng.  
 Amaz'd, I started up this crowd among,  
 Whom by their looks for *Ferquhard's* train I knew :  
 But ah ! what tumults throb'd my veins along,  
 When lost VELINĀ, smiling, met my view,  
 And to mine eager arms quick as the lightning  
 flew !

## LXXXIV.

## LXXXIV.

Mine eager arms, that strain'd her to my breast,  
Affur'd me this was no delusive fight :  
In tremulous and falt'ring sounds exprest,  
I heard her speak of wonder and delight ;  
I saw her lovely eyes roll sweet and bright,  
And rapture trembling over all her frame :  
But while each ravish'd sense did thus unite,  
Scarce could I yet believe she was the same,  
And scarce my heavy tongue could yet express her  
name.

## LXXXV.

O my VELINA ! what propitious pow'r  
Has from the shades brought thy lov'd form again ?  
Did'st thou not die ? and in that fatal hour,  
Did I not feel far worse than deadly pain ?  
But how ? O Heav'ns ! this mystery explain ?  
I thought myself, too, thrown down here to die.  
'Tis strange. Perhaps my father is not slain.  
Nought is impossible. Ah, VELI, why  
Starts forth that precious tear so sudden in thine eye ?

LXXXVI.

## LXXXVI.

Yes, he is slain ; and 'tis for him I mourn,  
She said ; the warrior in the dust lies low.  
Poor *Cathmor* too !—they never shall return !  
Never !—But haste, my ARVAN, let us go  
From this dark den of horror and of wo.  
Yet stop, and tell me where thou here did'st lay  
Thyself to rest, if rest thou here could'st know.  
How black and dismal !—come, 'tis vain to stay ;  
Shield me !—what grining bones !—Away, my  
love, away !

## LXXXVII.

Thro' many a winding way, up from this den,  
She led me on to *Fergubard's* hall of state ;  
Then, seated by my side, she thus began  
To tell th' eventful story of our fate.  
My ARVAN knows, and why should I relate,  
The mischiefs that are past, the deeds of wo,  
Children of dire Revenge, and deadly Hate ?  
Let them be heard no more, nor mem'ry know,  
But in Oblivion's lake for ever lurk below.

## LXXXVIII.

## LXXXVIII.

This morn, from horrid dreams that rent my soul,  
I wak'd, to weep the weary light away ;  
As oft I've done, unable to controul  
My bursting grief, e'er since that fatal day,  
When from mine arms you fled to meet dismay,  
Danger, and death, in the fierce fields of war.  
No cloud obscur'd the morning's ruddy ray ;  
No noise the music of the woods did mar ;  
And, listless long, I gaz'd round the lone hills afar.

## LXXXIX.

Sudden I heard an echoing shout arise,  
From where the western thicket skirts the dale :  
Forth rush'd, confus'd, and mingling various cries,  
A band of huntsmen scouring o'er the vale.  
Loudly their sharp shrill horns mine ears assail ;  
And toward the castle-wall they winding drew ;  
The slipp'ry precipice they slowly scale,  
Dashing their spears around among the dew ;  
And on yon jutting cliff proud *Ferquhard* met my  
view.

## XC.

Reining his steed, a moment there he stood,  
 And blew his grass-green horn, so loud and clear,  
 That Echo answer'd from the dusky wood,  
 The rock, the stream, and ev'ry thicket near.  
 So many doubled sounds at once to hear,  
 The foaming steed began to wheel around ;  
 And, madden'd by restraint, or blind by fear,  
 Full down the steep he gave an angry bound ;  
 Then, dash'd and torn, he fell among the craggs<sup>s</sup>  
 profound,

## XCI.

Dead down the stream both horse and horseman roll'd.  
 Swift flew his train all to the river's side ;  
 And, plunging in beneath the poplar old,  
 Their breathless chief they rescued from the tide.  
 Lo yonder where he lies. How fall'n his pride !  
 His rage how vanish'd ! and his head how low !  
 But two hours since, who durst his frown abide ?  
 Now hardly his own dogs their master know—  
 See, on his plumed helm, sits perch'd the screaming  
 crow.

## XCII.

## A F R A G M E N T.

31

### XCII.

Around the mangled corse they stood not long,  
But enter'd, shouting, at the castle-gate;  
And loud they call'd my name, and fast did throng  
To kneel them down, and blest my happy state.  
But when thy horrid tale they did relate,  
O Heav'ns! the piercing pang, the deadly knell,  
That tore my heart! Run—fly—it is too late—  
I found thee. But my joy no words can tell;  
Our ruthless foe is dead; thou liv'st; and all is well.

### XCIII.

Stranger, from that blest'd day I've liv'd in peace;  
Lord of the fertile valleys far around;  
Lord of my VELI's love, which can increase,  
Yea double, ev'ry pleasure here is found.  
No trouble now intrudes my soul to wound:  
Yet still I love imaginary wo;  
And oft, indulging reveries profound,  
In lonely paths I wander sad and slow,  
While Melancholy gives such joys as few can know.



## XCIV.

How oft have I on yon ærial tow'r,  
Built on the verge of the steep mountain's brow;  
Stood pensive, musing at the midnight-hour;  
List'ning the rain conflicting to and fro,  
And the black river brawling far below,  
Lashing the rocks, and tearing pines along;  
With howling blasts, that thro' the caverns blow,  
Join'd to the dreary owl's discordant song,  
And thousand ravens hoarse that scream'd the woods  
among.

## XCV.

If then the moon a wand'ring ray had lent,  
What scenes of wonder Fancy quick descried!  
From the high cliffs the tumbling oaks uprent,  
And hurled to the vale, the mountain's pride;  
While demons of the storm in triumph ride,  
On clouds of darkness bick'ring o'er my head:  
Spread o'er the vale, the torrent rages wide;  
Far to the north, the vivid lightnings red,  
Shot thro' the bursting heav'ns, their gleaming  
terrors spread.

## XCVI.

## XCVI.

Sated with scenes of grandeur and of dread,  
That Nature's bleakest savage drefs display,  
I then would flow descend, with silent tread,  
Thro' lofty halls, with many a taper gay,  
Where ring sweet harps, and flutes expire away,  
And soft and slow is heard the nightly song,  
To the close bow'r where lovely VELI lay,  
On filken couch half-slumb'ring stretch'd along,  
And wonder'd at my stay, and chid my ling'ring  
long.

## XCVII.

How oft, when lock'd in VELI's circling arms,  
VELI meanwhile lock'd in the arms of sleep,  
Have I bethought me of disastrous harms  
Endur'd by hapless souls on land and deep,  
Till from mine eyes delicious tears would creep :  
And while I heard the hollow winds contest  
With headlong torrents gushing from the steep ;  
Reflecting how supremely I was blest,  
Soft prest the sleeping nymph, and sunk in balmy rest.

XCVIII.

## XCVIII.

Thus elegantly sweet my time has past,  
 In happiness serene, without alloy :  
 And while fair Virtue's sacred reign shall last  
 Within my breast, no trouble can annoy,  
 At least not finally my peace destroy.  
 So spake I to VELINA, on that day,  
 When to my father's hall, with sounds of joy,  
 And merry oars, we down yon stream made way,  
 Thro' vales and groves that smil'd beneath the  
 ev'ning ray.

## XCIX.

Welcome, my VELI, to this peaceful dome.  
 Here may we rest secure in soft repose.  
 Vot'ries of Virtue may be driv'n to roam  
 By dire misfortunes, or by cruel foes ;  
 But Heav'n appears propitious in the close.  
 Now since the storms that vex'd our peace are laid,  
 In sweet oblivion let us drown our woes ;  
 Let music echo from the rock and shade,  
 And strains of harmony resound in ev'ry glade. \* \* \*

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O D E  
O N T H E  
S C O T S M U S I C.

I.

**W**HAT words, my LAURA, can express  
That unknown pow'r, that magic spell,  
Thy lovely native airs possess,  
When warbled from thy lips so well,  
Such nameless feelings to impart  
As melt in bliss the raptur'd heart?

II.

No stroke of art their texture bears,  
No cadence wrought with learned skill;  
And though long worn by rolling years,  
Yet undecay'd they charm us still;  
While thousand strains of mystic lore  
Have perish'd, and are heard no more.

III.

## III.

Wild as a desert stream they flow,  
Wand'ring along its mazy bed ;  
Here scarcely moving, deep and slow,  
There in a swifter current led ;  
And now along the level lawn  
With charming murmur softly drawn.

## IV.

Oh, what Elyfian scenes arife,  
Still as thou breath'ft the heart-felt ftrain !  
How fwift exulting Fancy flies  
Thro' all the varied fylvan reign !  
And how thy voice, bleft maid, can move  
The rapture and the wo of love !

## V.

There by the banks and groves fo green,  
Where Yarrow's waters warbling roll,  
The fighting fwain, unheard, unfeen,  
Pours to the fstream his fecret foul ;  
Sings his bright charmer, and, by turns,  
Despairs and hopes, and fears and burns.

## VI.

## VI.

Here on a bank by Flora drest,  
Where flocks disport beneath the shade,  
By Tweed's soft murmurs lull'd to rest,  
A blooming nymph asleep is laid :  
Her shepherd, trembling all in bliss,  
Steals, unobserv'd, a balmy kiss.

## VII.

There Night her silent sable wears,  
And gloom invests the vaulted skies ;  
No star amid the void appears :  
Yet see fair NELLY blushing rise,  
And, lightly-stepping, move unseen,  
To let her panting lover in.

## VIII.

But far remov'd on happier plains,  
With harps to Love for ever strung,  
Methinks I see the favour'd swains  
Who first those deathless measures sung :  
For sure I ween, no courtly wight  
Those deathless measures could indite.

## IX.

No : from the past'ral cot and shade,  
Thy fav'rite airs, my LAURA, came,  
By some obscure Corelli made,  
Or Handel, never known to Fame :  
And hence their notes from Nature warm,  
Like Nature's self, must ever charm.

## X.

Ye Sp'rits of fire for ever gone,  
Soft as your strains O be your sleep !  
And if your sacred graves were known,  
We there would hallow'd vigils keep ;  
Where, LAURA, thou should'st raise the lay,  
And bear our souls to Heav'n away.

On

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On a L A D Y Sleeping.

**W**HERE my *Laura* is laid, beneath this old tree,  
Asleep to the whispers that die on the gale,  
Ye wood-nymphs attend, like kind guardians, and  
That no harsh intrusion her slumbers assail. (see  
Swell gently thy murmurs, O soft rolling stream!  
And gently, ye zephyrs, skim o'er the sweet maid!  
By rustling your pinions, disturb not her dream,  
Nor ruffle the bank where my *Laura* is laid.  
May her dream be of rapture; and thro' her dear breast  
May pleasure, quick darting, give transports divine;  
Such transports as lovers oft feel unexpress'd,  
Too poignant for language, for utterance too fine.  
Oh let me for ever, unconscious of change,  
Still sleeping or waking protect my sweet maid;  
Still range the same grove that my *Laura* shall range,  
And lie on the bank where my *Laura* is laid.

F I N I S.







